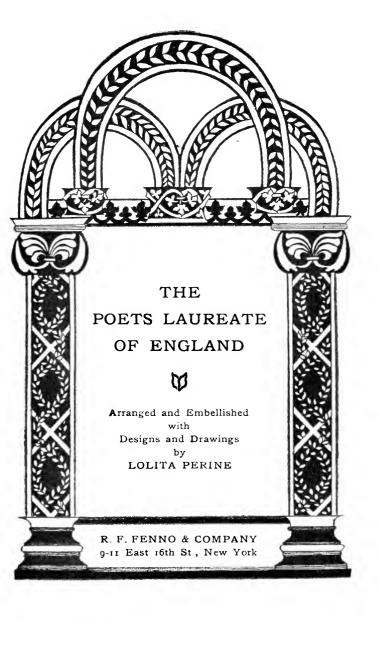
PR 1178 PGP4





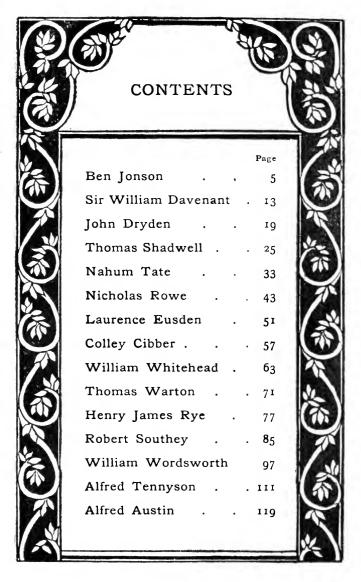




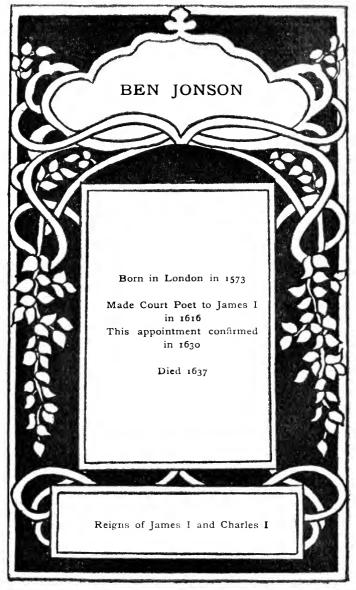
LIBRARY of CONGRESS
Two Cooles Received
AUG 6 1904
Cooyright Entry
July 18-100 H
CLASS 0 XXO. No.
7 20 P B

P6.799





¥ =			<b>V</b> . 7



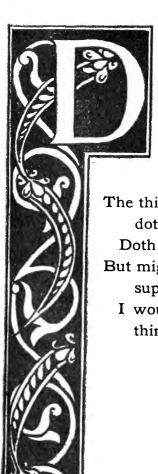












RINK to me only with thine eyes;

And I will pledge with mine;

Or leave a kiss within the cup,

And I'll not look for wine.

The thirst that from the soul doth rise,

Doth ask a drink divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,

I would not change for thine.





SENT thee late a rosy wreath,

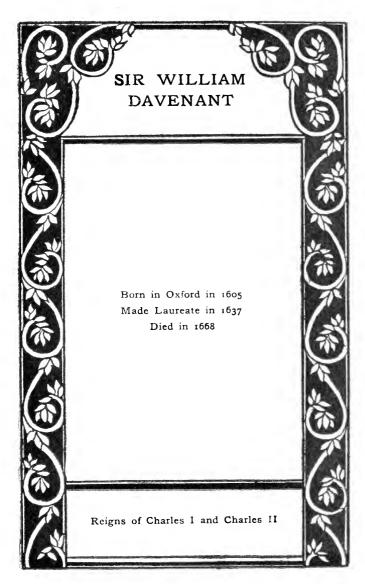
Not so much honouring thee,

As giving it a hope, that there It could not withered be,

But thou thereon did'st only breathe,

And send'st it back to me:
Since when it grows, and
smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.















HE lark now leaves his watery nest,

And, climbing, shakes his dewey wings;

He takes this window for the east;

And to implore your light, he sings,

Awake, awake! the morn will never rise,

Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,

The ploughman from the sun his season takes;

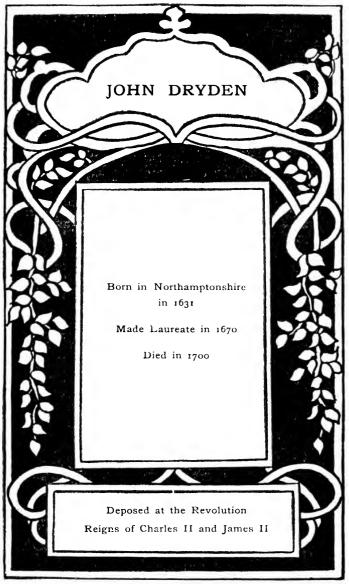
But still the lover wonders what they are,

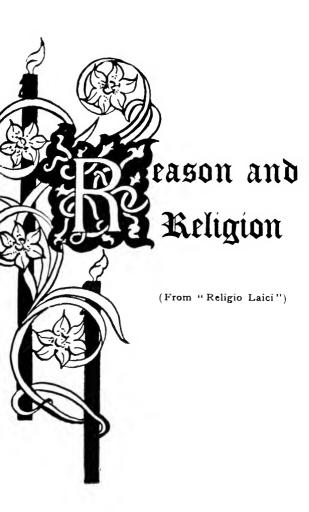
Who look for day before his mistress wakes.

Awake, awake! break through your veils of lawn,

Then draw your curtains and begin the dawn.

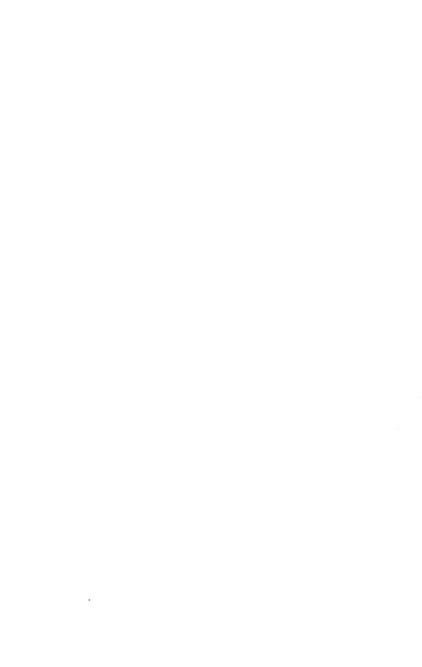


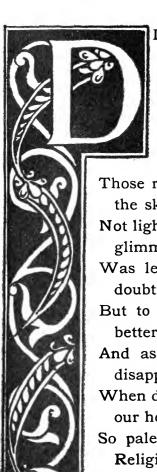












IM as the borrowed beams of moon and stars,

To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,

Is Reason to the soul; and as on high

Those rolling fires discover but the sky,

Not light us here, so Reason's glimmering ray

Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,

But to guide us upward to a better day.

And as those nightly tapers disappear

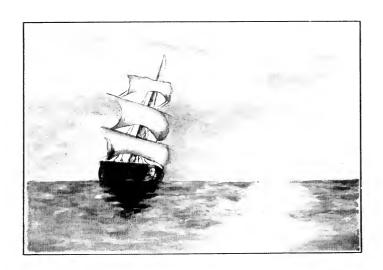
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere,

So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight,—

So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.











OW long must women wait in vain

A constant love to find?

No art can fickle man retain,

Or fix a roving mind.

Yet, fondly we ourselves deceive,

And empty hopes pursue; Though false to others, we believe

They will to us prove true.



UT oh! the torment to discern

A perjured lover gone;

And yet by sad experience learn

That we must still love
on.

How strangely are we fool'd by fate
Who tread the maze of love;

When most desirous to retreat,

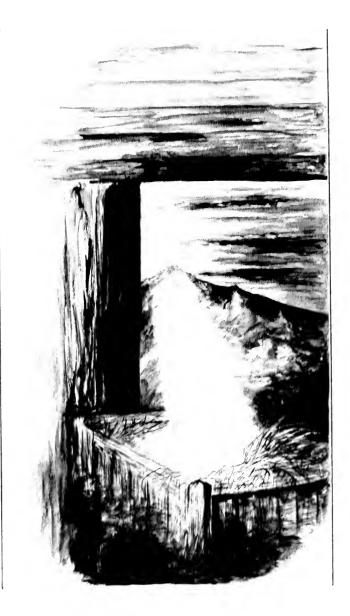
We know not how to move.













HILE shepherdswatch'd their flocksby night,All seated on the ground,

The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

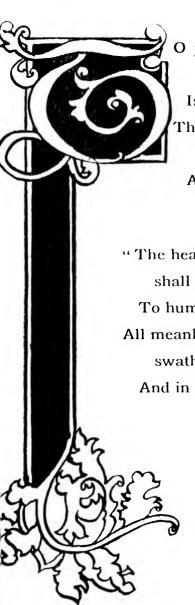
"Fear not," said he (for mighty dread

Had seized their troubled mind);

"Glad tidings of great joy I bring

To you and all mankind."

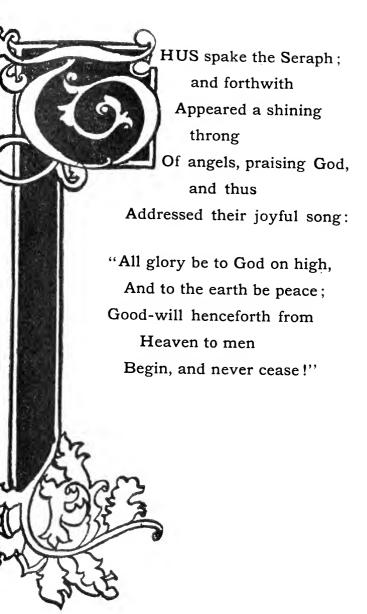


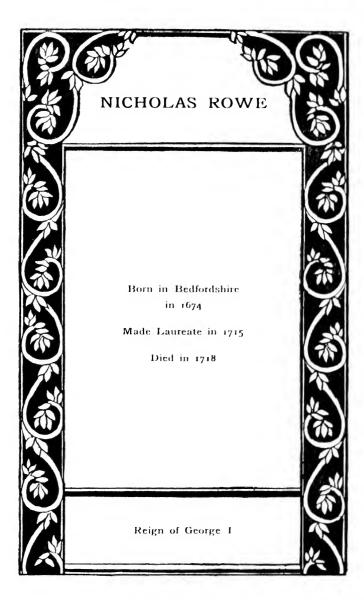


O you in David's town
this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is
Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the
sign:

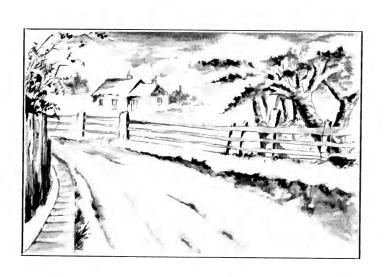
"The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."













HAT charms in melody
are found
To soften every pain!
How do we catch the
pleasing sound,
And feel the soothing
strain!

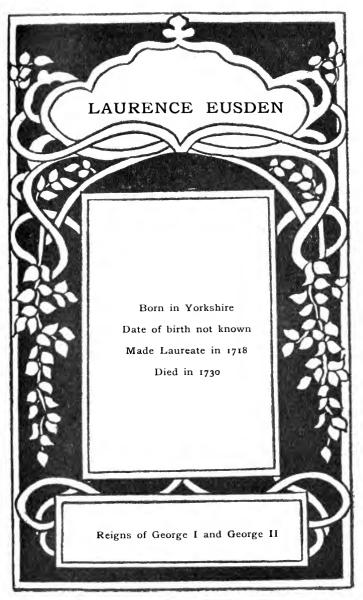
Still when I hear thee, O, my fair,

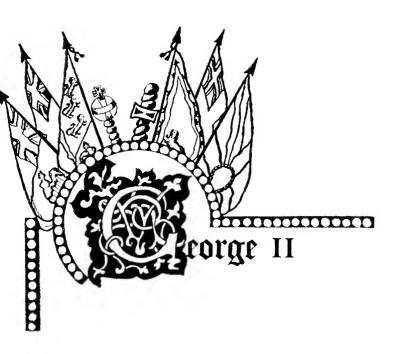
I bid my heart rejoice;
I shake off every sullen care,
For sorrow flies thy voice.





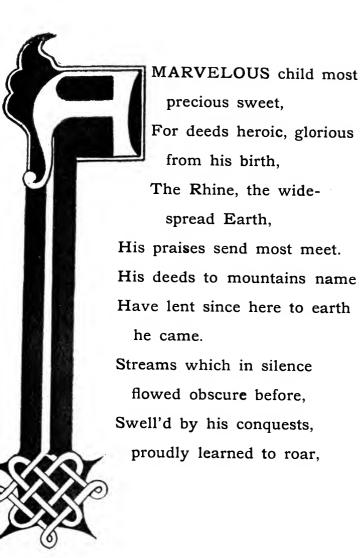




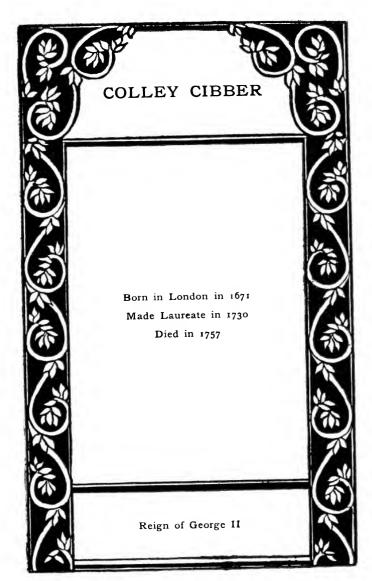








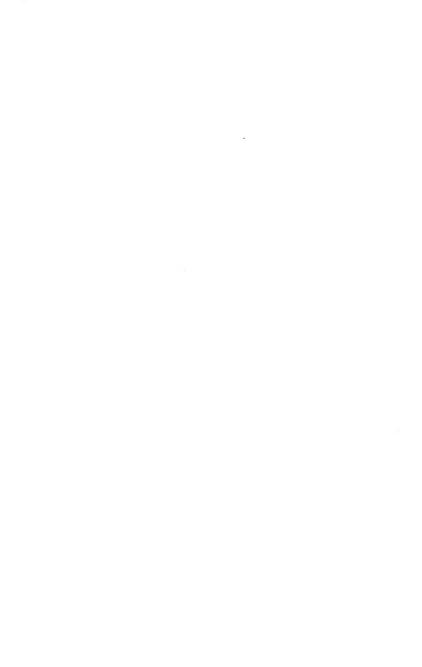
	Ž.		



		٧.)	

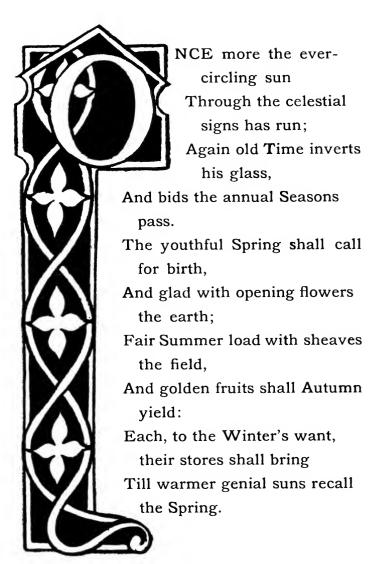


n Ode to His Majesty for the New Year

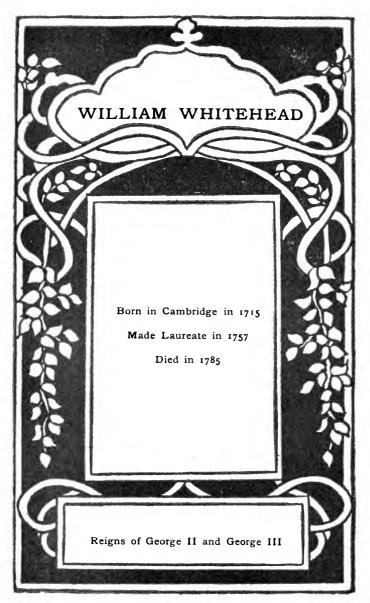


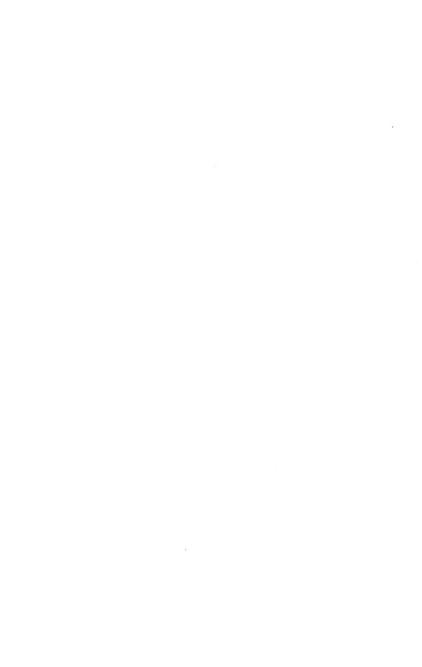


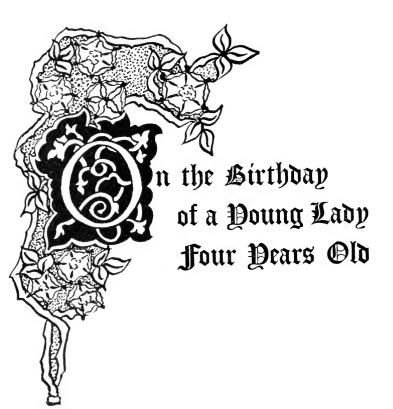








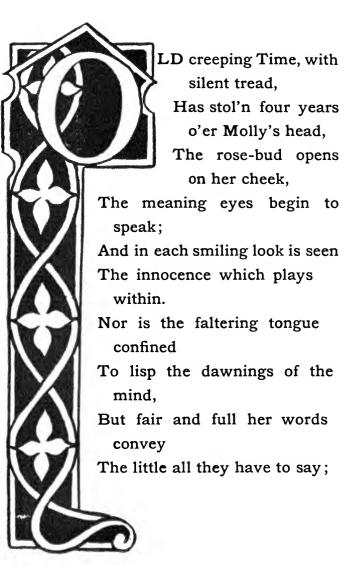




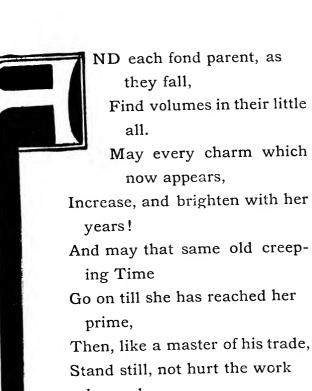




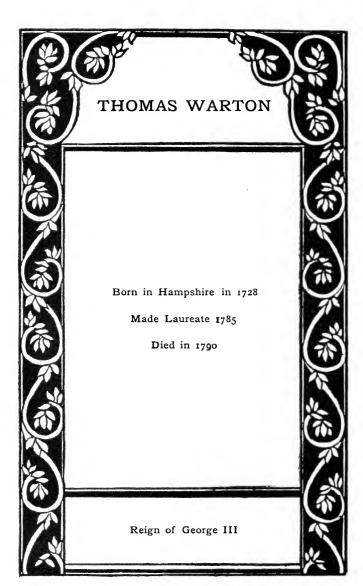








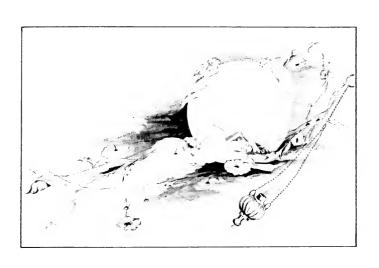




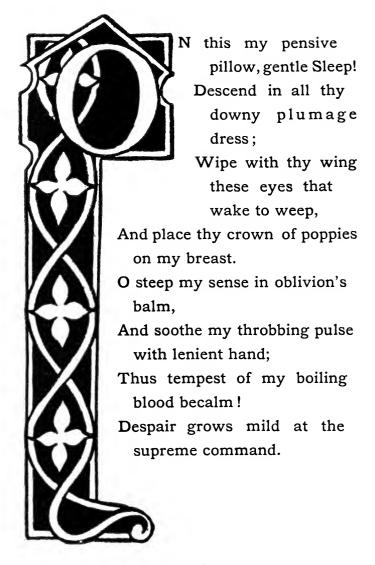
		9.3	



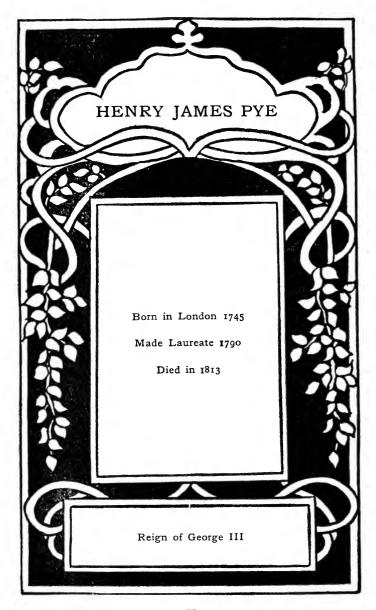






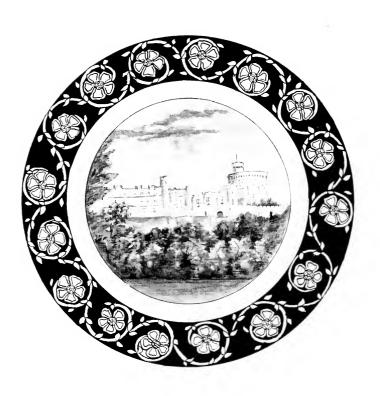
















OD of our father's rise,

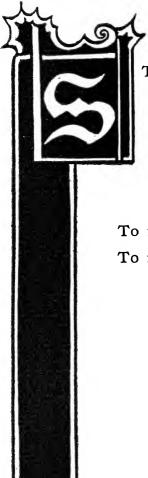
And through the
thund'ring skies

Thy vengeance
urge;

In awful justice red,
Be thy dread arrows sped,
But guard our Monarch's
head,

God save great George.





TILL on our Albion smile,
Still, o'er this favoured
isle,

O, spread thy wing!

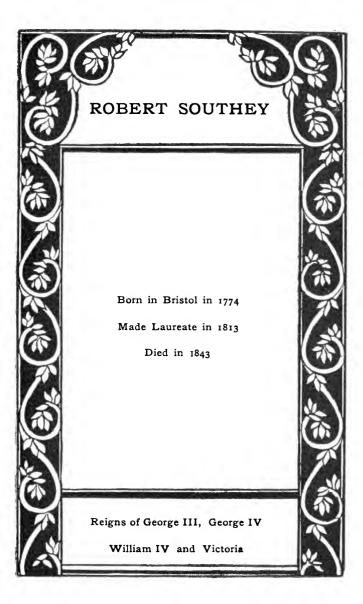
To make each blessing sure,

To make our fame endure,

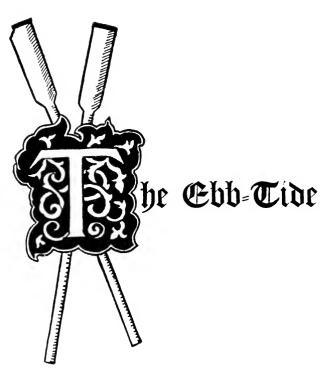
To make our rights secure,

God save our King!

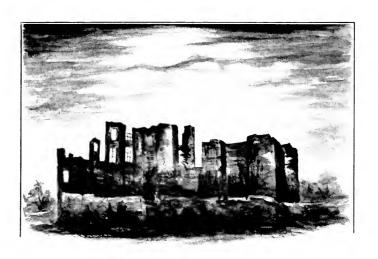
		œ.	













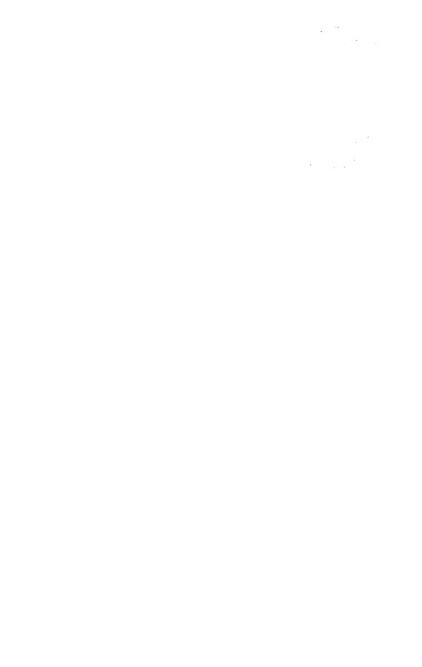


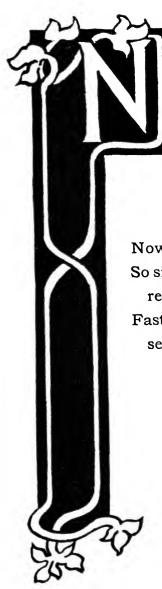
LOWLY the flowing tide
Came in, old Avon!
Scarcely did mine eyes,
As watchfully I roamed
thy greenwood side,
Perceive its gentle
rise.

With many a stroke and strong The labouring boatmen upward plied their oars;

Yet little way they made, though labouring long

Between thy winding shores.





OW down thine ebbing tide

The unlaboured boat falls rapidly along; The solitary helmsman sits to guide,

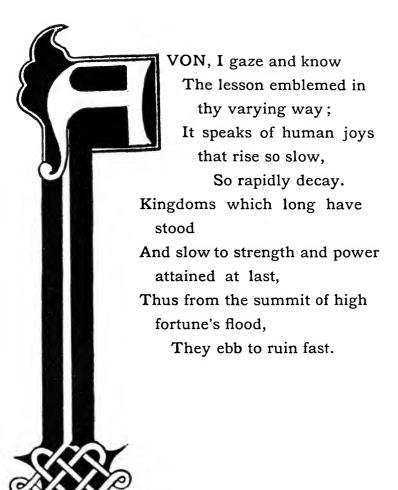
And sings an idle song.

Now o'er the rocks that lay So silent late the shallow current roars:

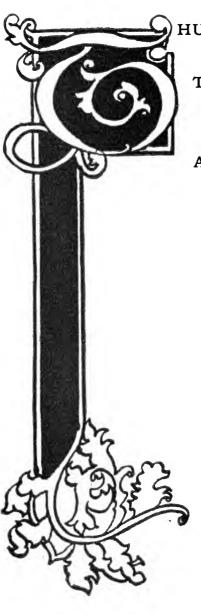
Fast flow thy waters on their seaward way

Through wider-spreading shores.





. . .



HUS like thy flow appears

Time's tardy course to manhood's envied stage,

Alas! how hurryingly the ebbing years

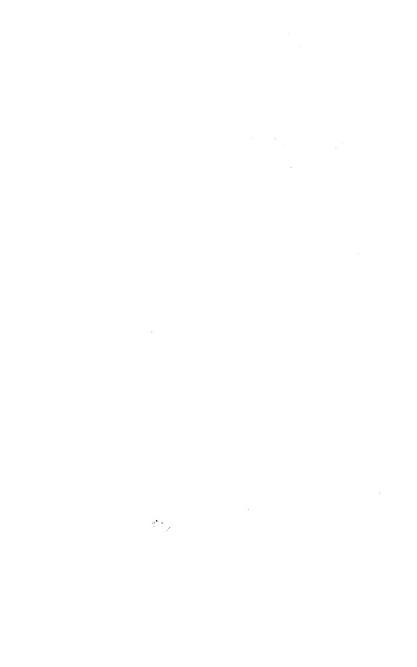
Then hasten to old age.





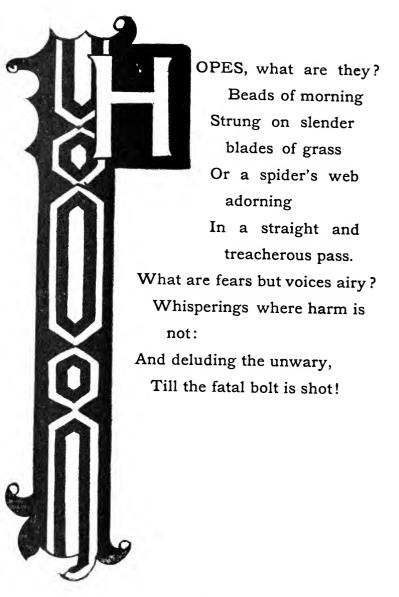




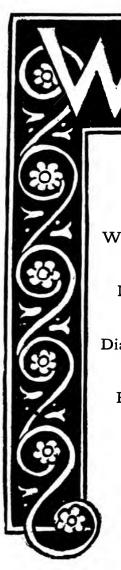












HAT is glory?—In the socket

See how dying tapers fare!

What is pride?—A whizzing rocket

That would emulate a star.

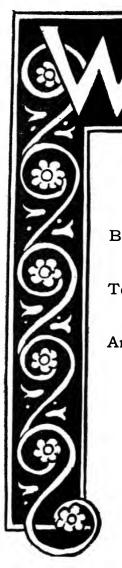
What is friendship?—Do not trust her,

Nor the vow which she has made;

Diamonds dart their brightest lustre

From a palsey shaken head.





HAT is truth?—A staff rejected;

Duty?—An unwelcome clog;

Joy?—A moon by fits reflected

In a swamp or watery bog.

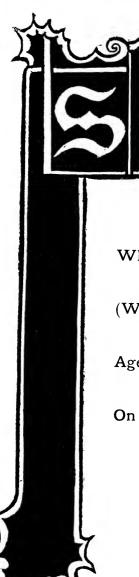
Bright as if through ether steering,

To the traveller's eye it shone:

He hath hailed it reappearing—

And as quickly it is gone.





UCH is joy— as quickly hidden

Or mishapen to the sight, And by sullen weeds forbidden

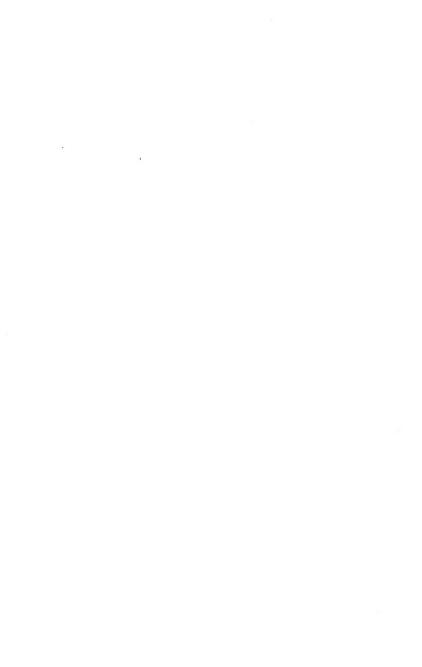
To resume its native light.

What is youth?—A dancing billow,

(Winds behind, and rocks before!)

Age?—A drooping, tottering willow

On a flat and lazy shore.

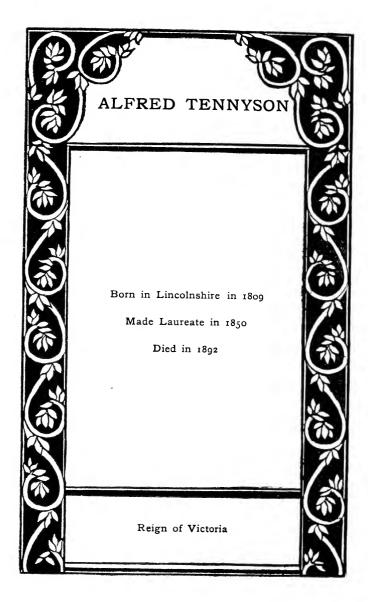




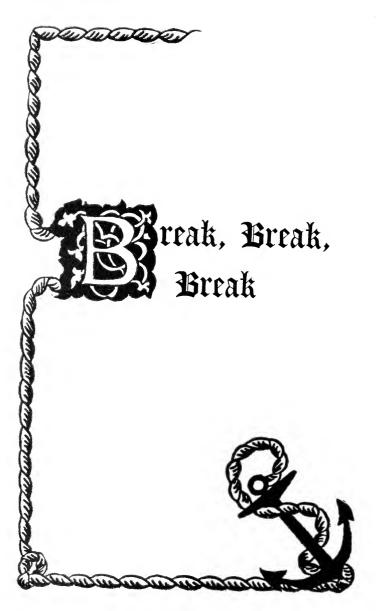
HAT is peace?—When
pain is over,
And love ceases to
rebel,
Let the last faint sight
discover
That precedes the

passing knell!









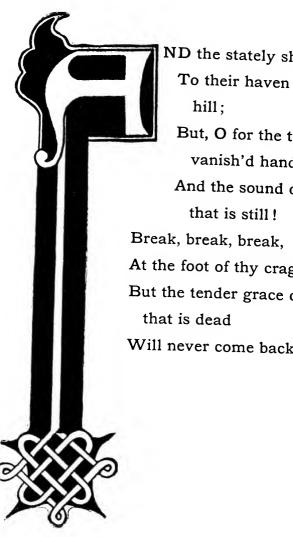






REAK, break, break, On thy cold gray stones, O Sea! And I would that my tongue could utter The thoughts that arise in me. O well for the fisherman's boy That he shouts with his sister at play! O well for the sailor lad, That he sings in his boat on the bay!





ND the stately ships go on To their haven under the

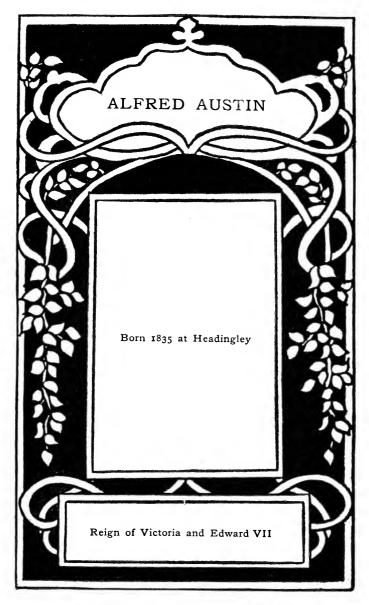
But, O for the touch of a vanish'd hand

And the sound of a voice

At the foot of thy crags, O Sea! But the tender grace of a day

Will never come back to me.

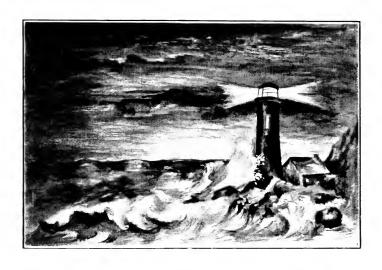
















OOD NIGHT! Now dwindle wan and low

The embers of the after glow,

And slowly over leaf and lawn

Is twilight's dewy curtain drawn.

The slouching vixen leaves her lair

And, prowling, sniffs the telltale air;

The frogs croak louder in the dyke,

And all the trees seem dark alike:

The bee is drowsing in the comb,

The sharded beetle hath gone home:

Good night.





OOD NIGHT! The

hawk is in his nest, And the last rook hath

dropped to rest;

There is no hum, no chirp, no bleat;

No rustle in the meadow sweet;

The woodbine, somewhere out of sight,

Sweetens the loneliness of night;

The Sister Stars that once were seven,

Mourn for their missing mate in Heaven;

The poppy's fair, frail petals close;

The lily yet more languid grows,

And dewy, dreamy, droops the rose;

Good night.



Deacidified using the Bookkeeper pro Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide Treatment Date: Jan. 2009

PreservationTechnolog

111 Thomson Park Drive Cranberry Township, PA 16066 (724) 779-2111

Ŷ.	
	•
	¥)

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

0 013 999 689 6